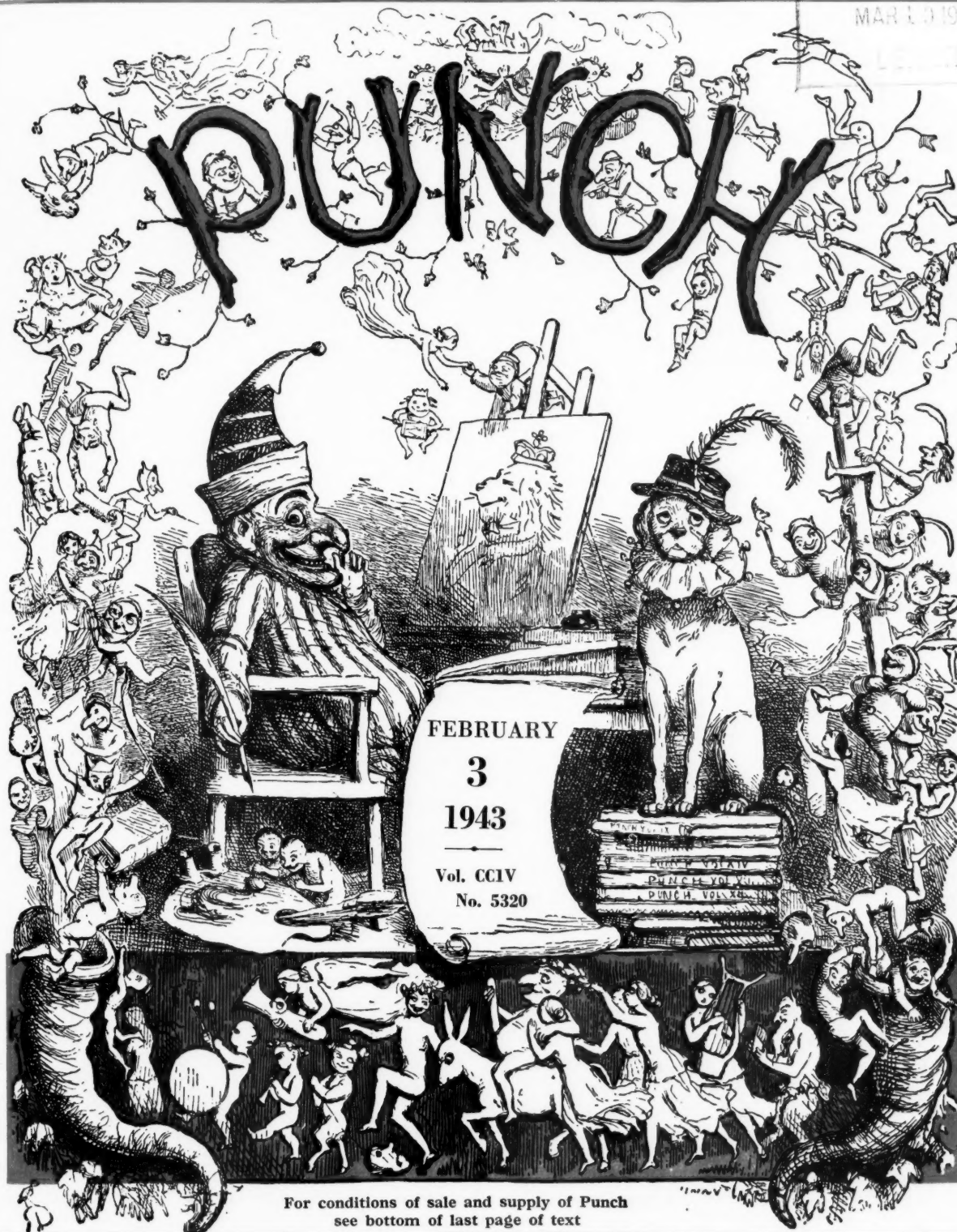


★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality

Periodical

MAR 10 1943



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE LTD.**  
CORPORATION  
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

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## HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

## THE MINERALS WE NEED FROM OUR MEALS

Most people know that iron is a good tonic; but how many know that the body needs at least twelve minerals—including such surprising things as zinc, copper and magnesium—to keep it healthy?

There is no need to worry, however, for a normal diet of natural food supplies all the minerals necessary. The only ones of which you are at all likely to run short are calcium and iron, and occasionally phosphorus.

Children in particular need a generous supply of calcium; rickets is the result of an insufficiency of this mineral. Phosphorus, too, is important since the two go into partnership to build bones and teeth. Both these minerals are obtained from milk, cheese, sardines. Calcium is present as well in cabbage and watercress; phosphorus, in cereals, fish and eggs.

Lack of iron results in anaemia and is most important in the diet of children, especially growing girls. Get your iron supply from liver, National Wheatmeal bread, dried fruits and vegetables, particularly peas and beans.

*This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of*

### CROOKES'

HALIBUT



LIVER OIL

D4



## APPRECIATION

Appreciation is the subtle element in Industry and Business that leads to higher achievement.

It is the Father of all good leadership, good organisation and successful work.

No man ought to be in executive control of a Business until he has learned to appreciate the value of the efforts of others and the help given to him by them.

Success in Industry is never due to an individual effort; it is the co-ordination of a combined effort. Just appreciation of the efforts of others inspires development and growth.

## THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

**The Chatwood Safe Co. Ltd.**

BANKERS' ENGINEERS

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# ROVER

*"One of Britain's Fine Cars"*

The number of Rover Cars  
still to be seen on the road  
is evidence of the high  
standard of design and  
construction.

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD COVENTRY AND LONDON

CVS 375

*Working  
longer  
hours?*

Meet the added demand upon energy with nourishing HOVIS. It is rich in protein and fat and provides vitamins for building bodily tissues. When strength is taxed through longer hours...


*Make it up with*

**HŌVIS**

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macosfield

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD



**STATE  
EXPRESS  
555**

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.

**COTY**

The Coty Beauty Service has spun a girdle of loveliness around the world. The excellence of Coty Creations is acknowledged in every land—their exquisite charm is beyond compare.

All the more reason for treasuring your Coty to-day, the supply is strictly limited. The Beauty Service that has made the name Coty famous must be but a shadow of its former self till Victory allows the development of our comprehensive post-war plans.

*Coty*

The creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styz, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

C.P.2

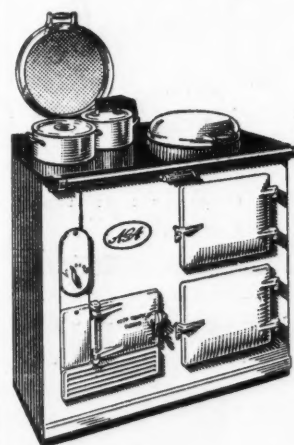
*Famous for Fine  
Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS

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there's an  
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Regd. Trade Mark  
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Guaranteed not to exceed a  
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(Props: Allied Ironfounders Limited)

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*The ration  
means so  
much —  
the Quality  
means  
so much  
more.*

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MAKERS OF THE  
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H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD.,  
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Celebrated for Beauty Soaps.

## TEK TALKS



How do I know which is the best shape of toothbrush?

Johnson & Johnson have found out for you.

How have they done that?

They've experimented till they've found the one perfect shape that will fit every mouth, and get at every crack and crevice of the teeth.

How can you prove it?

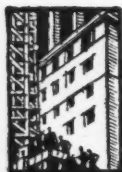
92 dentists out of every 100 consulted said that Tek was the most efficient toothbrush ever made.

Is it easy to get a Tek just when you want one?

Of course it's not easy. Too many people know about Tek. But if you try you'll succeed.

**Tek 2/-** MADE IN ENGLAND  
Plus Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by  
JOHNSON AND JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.,  
Slough and Gargrave



# CRITTALL WINDOWS

WHEN YOU REBUILD

CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 210 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1



**NOW...**  
for vital War work only, such as reinforcing shelters, installing machinery and general factory maintenance.

**AFTER THE WAR...**  
for all work entailed by reconstruction, repairs to building and other work connected with the building industry.

The Kango hammer has for a long time taken the place of the hammer and chisel at an immense saving of labour.

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ELECTRIC HAMMER

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Morden Factory Estate • South Wimbledon • London • S.W.19  
Telephone: LIBERTY 4253 (3 lines) Cables: Exhausters, Phone, London.



Goodbye to that old bugbear of the placket skirt... an ugly, shape-destroying hip bulge. Literally a placket without an opening, the new "Gor-ray" ZWOW Fastening has no buttons or metal fastenings on the hip to stand out, cause gaping, or pull the material. Smart women everywhere welcome this further addition to the quality of all "Gor-ray" Skirts. Good fashion houses throughout the United Kingdom supply "Gor-ray" Skirts in a variety of designs and materials.

**All the better for the  
'Zwow' Fastening**

Designed by  
C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA

**'SANATOGEN'**  
REGD. TRADE MARK

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

**DIVERSION**

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country must come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin'.

**'Genasprin'**  
REGD. TRADE MARK

**KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—  
TIME IT!**





## "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RADIO RECEIVERS AND  
RADIO - GRAMOPHONES

INSTRUMENTS of FINE QUALITIES



## The Name VENUS Still stands for Quality in Pencils

In wars of olden days, Venus—goddess of love—became known as *Victrix* or *Victory*. Thus did the ancient Romans transform their symbol of perfection—just as we do today. Despite wartime control of supply and manufacture, the new 'Utility' and 'War Drawing' pencils produced by Venus conform to the highest possible standard of quality.

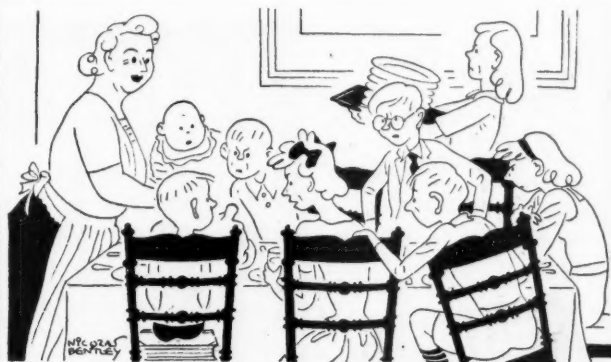
The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.5

**Valstar**  
"66" Raincoat

SUPERLATIVE  
QUALITY AND  
DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS  
HAVE THE **VALSTAR** "66" RAIN-  
COAT—SUPPLIES NOW, HOWEVER, ARE  
STRICTLY LIMITED.

J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD.  
VALSTAR WORKS, SALFORD 6, LANCs.



**MRS. FAMILIA LARGESSE** did not live in a shoe, but she certainly had so many children... She had not only to get them nourishing food—she had to get them to eat it. Body-building potatoes, fresh blood-cleansing vegetables, good (and unavoidable) cold meat! But there's no "Mummy, it's so dull!" now—since she found what **Pan Yan**—that spicy-sweet pickle—can do to make dull foods tempting and slow appetites lively. Now, things are very different...

# Pan Yan

MACONOCHE BROS. LIMITED · LONDON

But, of course, she has a new problem. Because **Pan Yan** is not so easy to get in wartime. Still, the children are growing up...

## RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

Subtly blended from seven specially selected varieties of choice tobaccos, with no single flavour predominating, 7 Reserve is a mixture of which Rattray's are justly proud. Rich, ripe, matured, it has been aptly described as the constant smoker's inseparable companion.

A customer writes from **BUCKS**—  
"It is by far the best tobacco I have smoked in my experience of 45 years."

A customer writes from **PEEBLES**—  
"The last parcel has been his greatest pleasure and consolation in the desert sand storms."

A customer writes from **PWLLHELL**—  
"Without doubt this mixture would appear to be the best I have ever smoked, blending perfectly with the delightful conversation of your old friend."

Obtainable only  
from

Chas. Rattray  
Tobacco  
Blender

PERTH, SCOTLAND.

Price: 43/- per lb., post paid.



WORTH WAITING FOR....  
**JELKS**  
Billiards  
TABLES

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Telephone: North 2747 (10 lines).



## To ATCO Users

THE fourth war-time mowing season finds most Atcos very much on their feet.

The Atco Service Depots—those keen, essential units of the Atco Organisation—are, for the moment, keen, essential units of another kind. Reluctantly they ask to be excused from serving Atco users other than by advice and by the despatch, in necessitous cases, of those replacement parts which they still possess. Their Headquarters, in asking war-time indulgence from Atco users, assures them and future users of the increasing devotion to SERVICE which Atco war experience is engendering throughout the Atco Organisation.

There remains a certain stock of Maintenance booklets embodying a series of hints and tips which in war-time have assisted Atco users to keep their Atcos in working order. Your Atco Depot Manager will gladly give you a copy if you will write to him, enclosing a 1d postage stamp to comply with the recent Government order. Please write at once as the stock is limited.



CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD., WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM 9

## This vigilance



His eyes, his ears keep watch on the skies of Britain. They must not falter, nor grow dull—they are the vital faculties of our defence.

We can't all be in the anti-aircraft services. But we can all bring this vigilance to our own wartime tasks.

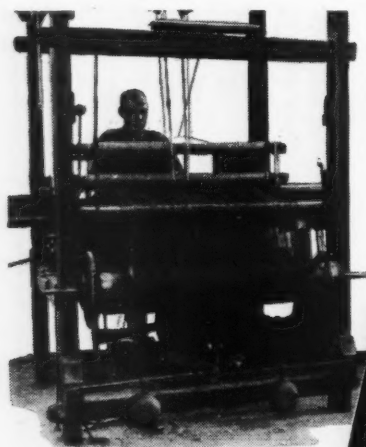
This is the spirit we must all cultivate to-day.

So that in the years of peace to come our children will look back and wonder:

"But for their vigilance . . . . .?"



The Standard Motor Company Ltd., Coventry



Hand-woven  
by the  
Islanders



WITH matchless skill born of generations of hand-loom weaving the crofters of the Outer Hebrides impart to Harris Tweed a style and individuality you never find elsewhere. The 100% pure virgin Scottish wool from which each yard is made explains its unique softness, comfort and durability.

Look for the Trade Mark on the Cloth and for the Label on the Garment.



## HARRIS TWEED

The Board of Trade accepts the following definition:—"Harris Tweed" means a Tweed made from pure virgin wool produced in Scotland, spun, dyed and finished in the Outer Hebrides and hand-woven by the Islanders at their own homes in the Islands of Lewis, Harris, Uist, Barra and their several outenances and all known as the Outer Hebrides.

THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.,  
10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.



WITH YOUR "LEAVE"  
MA'AM

THE qualities of good judgment which have raised these well-trained, well-disciplined women to commissioned rank, are certain to have guided their preference for Antler Travel Goods—the lightest, sturdiest and smartest-looking cases ever made—in the days before these became—like appreciations of good service—few and far between.



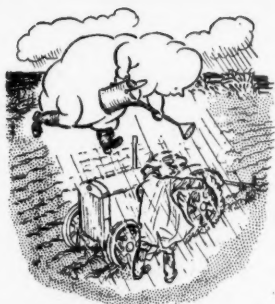
Manufactured by

## ANTLER

The Aristocrat  
of TRAVEL GOODS

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

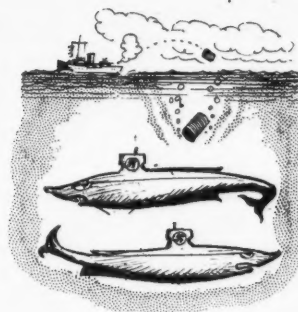
THE WORLD'S BEST LUGGAGE



# punch

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5320

February 3 1943

## Charivaria

A MAN in court complained that his wife had thrown a goldfish-bowl at him. Global war.

o o

"If I turned my beautiful lawns and garden into a poultry-farm, what could I feed my hens on?" asks a would-be patriot. Rare occasions, we should say.

o o



"Some people are always wishing for something they haven't got," says a clergyman. And what could you expect them to be wishing for?

o o

A Frinton ornithologist says that storks fly chiefly at night. Doctors sometimes complain of this.

o o

A South Coast resident wants to know if there is any cure for continually waking up in the night and imagining one can hear planes overhead. Well, there's always insomnia.

o o

Now that Tripoli has fallen there is a feeling among Italians that they should be allowed to have Italy back.

o o

"What is the smallest space in which chickens can be kept?" asks a writer. Eggs.

o o

"Burnt House will have Vacant a Large Double Room."—*Local Paper*. Seems likely.

o o

A famous artist confesses that at one time during his career he was obliged to pawn most of his belongings. Pop went the easel.



"Arrested Bandit Sleeps for Two Weeks," runs a headline in an American paper. He will probably have a long stretch when he awakes.

o o

"Husbands and wives should take it in turn to agree with each other," says a magistrate. An aye for an aye, so to speak.

o o

### Wild Oats

"It was noted in the last war that weeds and plants grew with terrific profligacy in shell holes." *The Sheffield Telegraph*.

o o

"As a young man I once led a prize bull round a famous show-ring in the Midlands," says a correspondent. By about how much?

o o



"Burglar Steals Drum From London Flat," a newspaper announces. Then he beat it.

o o

"It is unwise to plunge into the water after a good meal," says a doctor. Less trouble to buy your fish.

o o

"There were ox-eyed beauties in the Dark Ages," an essayist writes. Then things began to lighten and peroxide beauties appeared.

o o

A recent heading: "Adders Found in Fireplace." Grate snakes!

o o

It is stated that Marshal Goering and Herr von Ribbentrop snub each other even in company. They seem to be alike in many disrespects.



## Still Rather Gloomy

Or, Walks in a Free Country

AS I tramped along the sodden roads I began to ask myself more and more often whether my self-appointed errand was justified. Had I any right (merely because I had been reading his latest book) to seek an interview with an ex-Dean of St. Paul's about potatoes? Would he even like me? The first fine frenzy with which I had set out on my enterprise began to fade as I looked at the rain in the hedges and the mist-laden fields.

Was an eminent philosopher, was a great theologian likely to be interested in the Pantry Blitzkrieg or hold any views about the Kitchen Front? I had not long to wait for an answer. The very fact that the Rustic Moralists, as he likes to call himself, refused to admit me inside his house, but motioned me to a rustic bench under a weeping willow on his lawn confirmed my liveliest forebodings.

The woodwork of the rustic bench was damp, and my overcoat was insufficiently waterproofed. I shivered as I tried to speak.

*Myself.* I have come to ask you, Mr. Dean—

*Dr. I-g-.* I am no longer a Dean. Once a Bishop always a Bishop. A Dean on retirement can eradicate the stigma.

*Myself.* I have come to ask you, Sir, what you think about potatoes.

*Dr. I-g-.* Plotinus makes no mention of the *Solanum tuberosum*, nor does the elder Pliny, although he alludes I think, to its congener *Solanum strychnos*, which we know as the deadly nightshade. The Romans were absurdly fond of leeks, but the potato was unknown to antiquity, and we need not pay undue attention to W. S. Gilbert's line about an "attachment à la Plato to a bashful young potato." It was intended as a mere pleasantry.

*Myself.* Agreed. But would you not say that the potato, when it was at last introduced in Europe, had brought a great deal of health and happiness in its train?

*Dr. I-g-.* The plant was stolen by the Spaniards from the decadent civilization of Peru. The Spaniards wisely destroyed the inhabitants of the country, but unhappily rescued the potato. A Jesuit is supposed to have brought it to Europe, but he made a good attempt to fasten his misdeed on our own Protestant freebooters and buccaneers. Thus Sir John Hawkins is accused of carrying it to England, quite inaccurately, I think. But Raleigh probably had none brought over and sent them to Ireland. It was not his only political blunder. On the other hand a monument was erected by the Germans at Offenburg in 1850, awarding the paternity of the European potato to Sir Francis Drake. The statue has probably been destroyed. On the whole, however, the evidence points either to him or to Hieronymus Cardan. The tuber is certainly called *Batata Virginiana* in Gerard's *Herball*, and was apparently very unpopular.

*Myself* (beginning to feel that Lord Woolton and Dr. I-g- would never become real friends). But the repugnance was surely overcome.

*Dr. I-g-.* Not for many years. "Let the sky rain potatoes" is an obvious jeer at an unpleasant novelty by one of Shakespeare's grossest characters in one of his silliest plays. The plant is seventy-five per cent. water. The rest is either soap or semi-edible sawdust. Even as late as 1792 we find the potato called "an article of human food which ninety-nine hundredths of the human species will not touch upon." Every Irishman is said to have a potato in his head. We must hope that this is not true since so many of our most distinguished generals are Irishmen.

*Myself.* In my nursery-rhyme book I seem to remember the lines—

"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker  
They all came out of a roasted potato."

*Dr. I-g-.* Precisely. There can be little doubt that the potato and the potato alone has made possible the survival of the least deserving parts of the population of Europe. Its ubiquity has caused the so-called working classes to multiply out of all proportion to their usefulness. The distaste for it so often felt by intellectual and professional families has resulted in their gradual starvation and decline. Robbed of adequate salaries they are forced against their will to subsist on an indigestible and Bœotian food which their great-grandfathers would have contemptuously declined.

*Myself* (wistfully). I rather like potatoes myself.

*Dr. I-g-.* That increases the force of my argument. Much ingenuity has been shown by vote-catching Governments in the attempt to make the potato larger, more palatable and more popular. This helps them of course to obtain cheap labour and foment foreign wars. Varieties of the tuber have received the most romantic names, intended no doubt to conceal the insipidity of their flavour. Thus it has been called the Early Rose, the Snow Flake, the Ruby, the Late Beauty of Hebron, the Pearl and the Peach Bloom. It has received the names of justly-loved monarchs. There is also the White Elephant and the Great Scott.

*Myself.* Good gracious.

*Dr. I-g-.* The potato is, however, prone to innumerable diseases. It suffers from Wart, Blight, Beetle, Dry Rot, Sclerotiana, Virus, Leaf-Roll, and Scab. It is almost as susceptible to mass epidemics as is *Homo sapiens*. There must be as many potato-doctors at the Ministry of Food as there are quacks in Harley Street.

*Myself.* With all its faults it seems to me that the menace of the U-boat campaign—

*Dr. I-g-.* As I dare say you know, if I had been directing the affairs of this country we should have had no war in 1914, and none in 1939. But no doubt one must make the best of a bad job. I expect that we shall have to put up with a superabundance of the *Batata Virginiana* not only now but during the twilight of civilization which is bound to follow the present conflict, however it may end. We have fallen on evil times and must say good-bye for ever to all our old comforts and luxuries. The most popular song of the music-halls in 1953 is very likely to be "Let's all go down the Strand and have a batata."

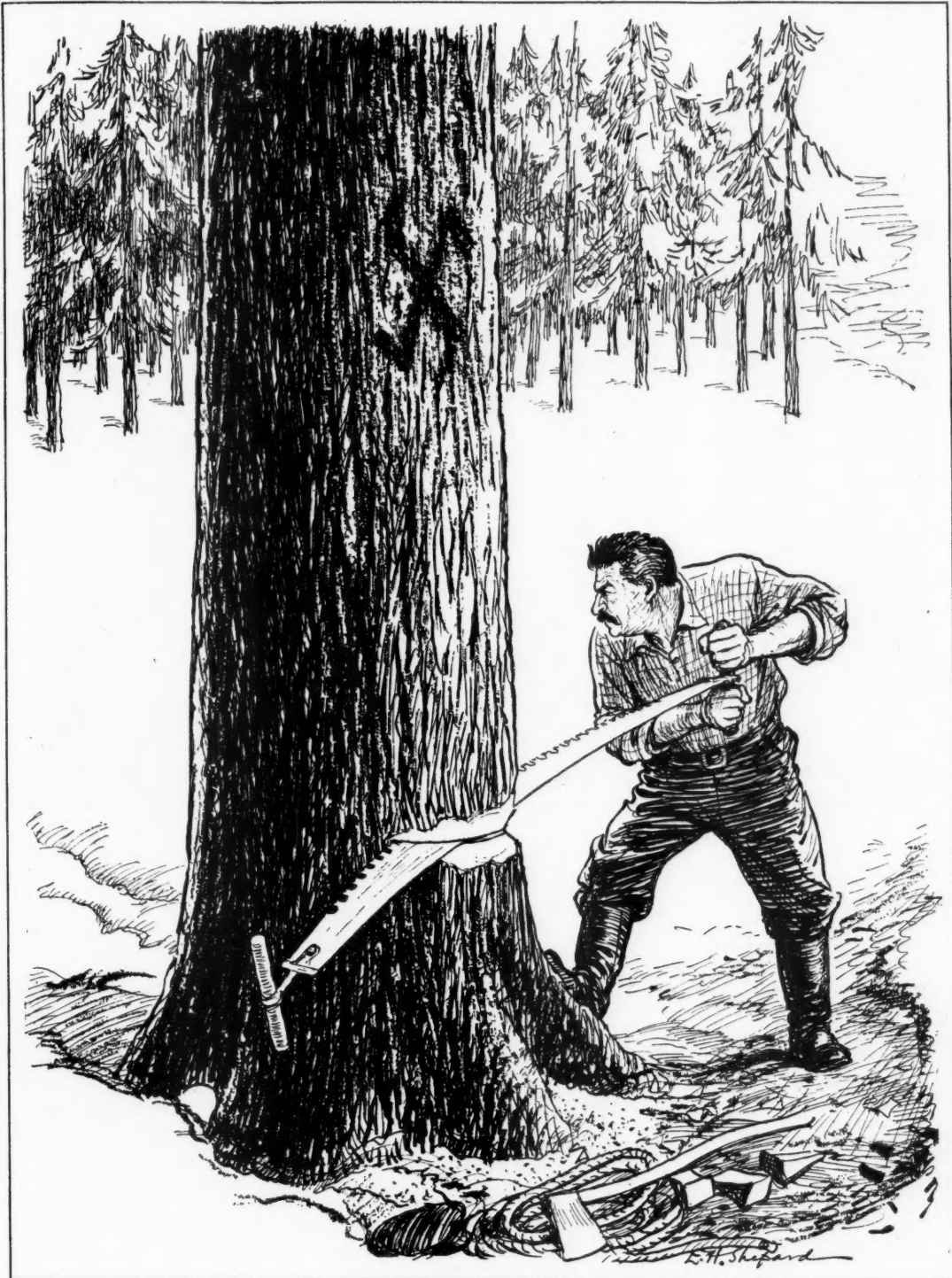
I judged from the sardonic emphasis with which the last word was uttered that our brief interview was now at an end. Yet a sudden thought struck me as I rose to go and I had the temerity to ask one more question.

*Myself.* Do you then never eat potatoes yourself, Dr. I-g-?

*Dr. I-g-.* I do. I had several for lunch. They were abominably badly boiled.

A ray of light from the dying sun seemed to break through the leaden clouds as I tramped back on the lonely road. Perhaps the Rustic Moralists had not been entirely serious. His pessimism had, at least in part, a physical origin. With careful cooking our civilization may yet stagger through.

EVOE.



### JOE THE WOODMAN

"It's hard work for one. I'm glad to hear they're coming."



“ . . . F for Freddie . . . ”

## Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

**Q:** Everyone seems to think we are to wear very little clothes this year. What, in your opinion, is an ideal austerity wardrobe for the well-dressed woman who would willingly put up with a little inconvenience to help to win the war?

FEMINA.

**A.** The most austere wardrobe I can think of is the type I met once in a Frinton boarding-house, consisting of a single hook behind a curtain so arranged as to slide heavily to the floor, taking the rod with it, if one either stretched out the hand in its direction or approached it with light tread. As to the tiny garments you mention, I personally have heard nothing, but can

quite see that wee miniature undies, knee-length mackintoshes and bridal gowns, diminutive shirt-tops just long enough to tuck into the waistcoat, etc., should hold an appeal for every right-thinking man and woman as a means of beating Hitler at his own game.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Q.** Since giving up my little Ford for the duration, I have been in the habit of bicycling to and from craft classes at our Technical Institute, where I am at present engaged on a fretwork harp-case for the lady in whom I am interested. As the institute serves in the day-time as a dormitory for

expectant mothers in the event of renewed blitzing, we craft students are forced to take our work backwards and forwards with us, no easy matter in a windy coastal resort such as this and with a framework of plywood measuring 6 ft. by 4 ft. Only last week I was twice driven out of my course—on the Wednesday afternoon into the toddlers' play-pool, on Friday evening into the constable on point duty. I need hardly add that these escapades do the harp-case no good. Can you suggest a reliable mode of piloting large objects on a pedal cycle?

ENTHUSIASTIC FRETWORKER.

**A.** You will have to learn to tack.



This means to perform the operation of tacking or turning a vessel in a course opposite to the one in which one appears to be going; and to do so you will need a tack. Not a small, short, sharp-pointed nail, but a length of rope to confine the foremost lower corners of your instrument case, this being in the position of a stay-sail if loosely attached to a stout pole lashed to your seat on the cycle. For details on how to splice the standing jib, run up the mizzen trysail, get the reef pendant into the mainsheet block, etc., see Commander Kettle-Mess's book, *Coves For All*, and remember that the main thing is—Hold fast to the tack (losing the tack may mean losing your seat), and keep the halyards trimmed!

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. I have in my possession an envelope which, with a view to paper economy, has been passed through the post between my husband and me no fewer than twenty-seven times. Is this a record?

(Mrs.) EFFIE TIFFIN.

A. Hardly. On the advent of the twopence-halfpenny post a very old aunt of mine hit upon an even more ingenious saving scheme. She commenced sending in turn to all quarters of the Empire the same *empty unstamped* envelope. A glance at this sufficed to apprise her friends as to her continued existence, yet laid them under no obligation to redeem from the postman, and the envelope eventually returned to her home address which she kept written on the back. It now bears ninety-four postmarks, is still in circulation, and is, in fact, expected back at any moment from Blundell-sands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. What is your opinion of the increased distances between bus-stops owing to further petrol restrictions? I have now to walk half a mile to the Blue Boar to take a mile bus-ride to the Black Bull, and even then do not always get on the bus when it comes.

OLD ETONIAN.

A. Your inability to get on the bus when it does reach the Blue Boar is surely no concern of your local transport authority's. In my opinion there is no reason why motor-buses should stop at all. Passengers wishing to alight or to board the bus could be marshalled on to a receiving platform and snatched up by swinging nets in the same way that a mail-bag is collected by an express. The nets would land them in bundles.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. Can you tell me why it is that,

though I have the sea in my veins, I have never had a proposal from a sailor? A marine once asked me to go a walk when I bumped into him in the black-out, but there has been nothing further. I am the tailor-made type of girl. Friends rave about my odd eyes, and artists have wanted to paint me for my feet alone.

(Miss) BABS HIGGINBOTTOM.

A. I knew a lady at Ilfracombe who has the largest private collection of china bell-pushes in the country, yet she has never expected a proposal from the curator of the British Museum.

### THE MERCHANT NAVY

FROM America comes news of further steps to share the burden of the Merchant Navy in the Battle of Supply. Remember, it is to the sacrifices of these sailors that you owe many of the comforts of civilized life which you still enjoy.

In return, will you not contribute to the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? A gift to this Fund enables you to express your gratitude in tangible form. You owe it to our sailors to see that they are well provided with extra comforts. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

It simply does not follow, Babs. Very likely you will find your happiness with a chiroprapist or consulting optician.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. This war is getting beyond a joke when candy manufacturers of my age are forced to spend their evenings under practically arctic conditions. Since my wife's becoming leading competitor in an Inter-Suburbs Fuel-Saving Contest, not a coal has been ignited in our home, with the result that larder, box-room, cylinder cupboards and cold frames, not to mention outside offices of every type, are all utilized to house the fuel which we continue, fortnightly, to receive. This week's supply we have had to store in laundry-baskets, behind the piano in the lounge, and underneath the dining-room sofa. I have sat in overcoat, eiderdown, foot-muff and cloth cap with ear-pieces, night after night, but to no purpose. What line ought I to take? (Mr.) CLARENCE TOASTER.

A. Perhaps you have not thought of a hay-box. The entire office staff now have their own little hay-boxes, constructed and lined on the premises. All one has to do is to slip into *camera* for an odd half-hour or so when cold. We personally come out as soon as the lid begins to steam, but obviously one can lay down no rules.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. Could you suggest a suitable book present for my fiancé on an underground ammunition dump? He is a sanitary inspector in civil life and always likes to take an interest in his environment. (Miss) MAY CHITTY.

A. Either *Universes I Have Overlooked*—H. G. Wells, or *Our Sub-soil: Shown to the Children*, by Auntie Mavis, should be appropriate. Or if you wanted something that would keep him in touch with his peace-time occupation, what about *The Cesspool Beautiful*, by Clough Williams-Ellis and Beverley Nichols' *Quiet Moments With My Drains*?

\* \* \* \* \*

Q. A new lodger, recommended to me by a traveller in wire-netting that has since been taken up by the police for something shady, is giving rise to a good bit of talk in this house on account of going up to his room regularly every afternoon, locking the door behind him, and staying there the best part of an hour making noises as can only be described as peculiar. More like mice than anything else. Do you think he is a secret agent? His window gives on to the municipal water-works and public wash-houses, which always seemed to be targets when the blitzes were on. He says he is a ship-breaker, though I have never seen him doing anything, and calls himself Eustace Pickblatt.

Mrs. BUNTY BLOSS.

A. I cannot understand anyone calling himself by the name you mention and for this reason can appreciate your feeling of mistrust. All the same there is very likely some quite simple explanation for his segregating himself in the way you describe. He may be eating his sweets ration, which would account for the sounds heard. You will notice that among sensitive folk it is becoming less and less the custom to consume anything of the chocolate variety in public. As to his being a ship-breaker—I dare say that in war-time things have to be broken up into very tiny pieces and that is the reason why you have seen no evidence of his work.

I have never heard of an agent for mice.

## At the Pictures

### "RANDOM HARVEST" (EMPIRE)

As a tonic for these austere times *Random Harvest* has nothing to be said in its favour, but it could not be bettered as a relaxation from being grim and gay and as a stimulus to being limp and wistful. The story opens on Armistice Day, 1918.

*Charles Rainier* (RONALD COLMAN), a shell-shocked officer who has lost his memory, is sitting in Medbury Asylum trying to remember who he is and hoping, so far as his shattered state allows of ordered thought, that his parents will come along and identify him. In the confusion and excitement of the Armistice celebrations he walks out of the asylum and falls in with *Paula* (GREER GARSON), the star turn in a travelling company. She loves him at first sight, and takes him to a little village in the West-country—"It's the end of the world," she tells him; "lovely and lonely." Marrying on the strength of an article which a Liverpool paper has accepted from *Rainier*, they settle down in a cottage which has every luxury inside and an apple tree in full blossom outside. In this blissful spot every season is at its best, and the snow-covered fields are shining in a cloudless winter day when their baby is born. But a letter, with an offer of a permanent post, comes from the Liverpool paper, and *Rainier* goes north for an interview. *Paula*, hitherto as practical as she is enchanting, lets him go without anything on his person or in his luggage to identify him, should he have another bout of amnesia. Knocked down by a car in Liverpool, he comes to with his mind a complete blank about *Paula* and remembering only his past life as the son of a wealthy industrialist. The years pass, he shows as keen a flair for business as for journalism, and a young girl, *Kitty* (SUSAN PETERS), falls passionately in love with him. Yet although he accepts her proposal of marriage with his accustomed ease and grace, his life with *Paula*, expunged

though it is from his conscious mind, still haunts him. Meanwhile *Paula* has tracked him down and become his private secretary. It is essential in a film of this kind that one's heart should go out to everyone, and *Kitty*, on the eve of her marriage, more than makes amends for the mixture of disapproval and uneasiness she has been evoking by obeying an instinct which tells her that somewhere in *Rainier's* life there is a

the village at the world's end. There is the cottage, and the apple tree in full blossom, and here is *Paula* in his arms again.

### "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER" (GAUMONT)

FRED ASTAIRE is an incomparable dancer, and therefore, according to the logic of Hollywood, the right person to play a romantic lover. With his forlorn charm he would be much more convincing as an unsuccessful lover, and could express a wider range of emotions in his dancing, despair following on gaiety, the reality of defeat on the illusion of triumph. The only scene which really suits him in *You Were Never Lovelier* is when he is trying to get a dancing engagement out of ADOLPHE MENJOU, who, if not convincing as the proprietor of an hotel in Buenos Aires, has gleams in the part of an elderly husband—for example, "You're as beautiful as ever, my dear. It just takes longer now." H. K.

### Three Men

LAST evening on the 7.10 I travelled home with three plain men

Who neither snorted, smoked nor swore,  
Drummed on the window-ledge or floor,

Discussed the meals they had of yore;  
From plaint and platitude forbore,

Till two sought sleep. Without a snore  
They drifted to that fenceless shore.

The other rose at Bishop's Stor,  
To help me kindly with the door.

I feel convinced there'd be less war  
If there were more like those three men,

So seemly—on the 7.10.

"FOUND, Lady who Lost Underclothes in Milford bathing sheds."

New Zealand Paper.

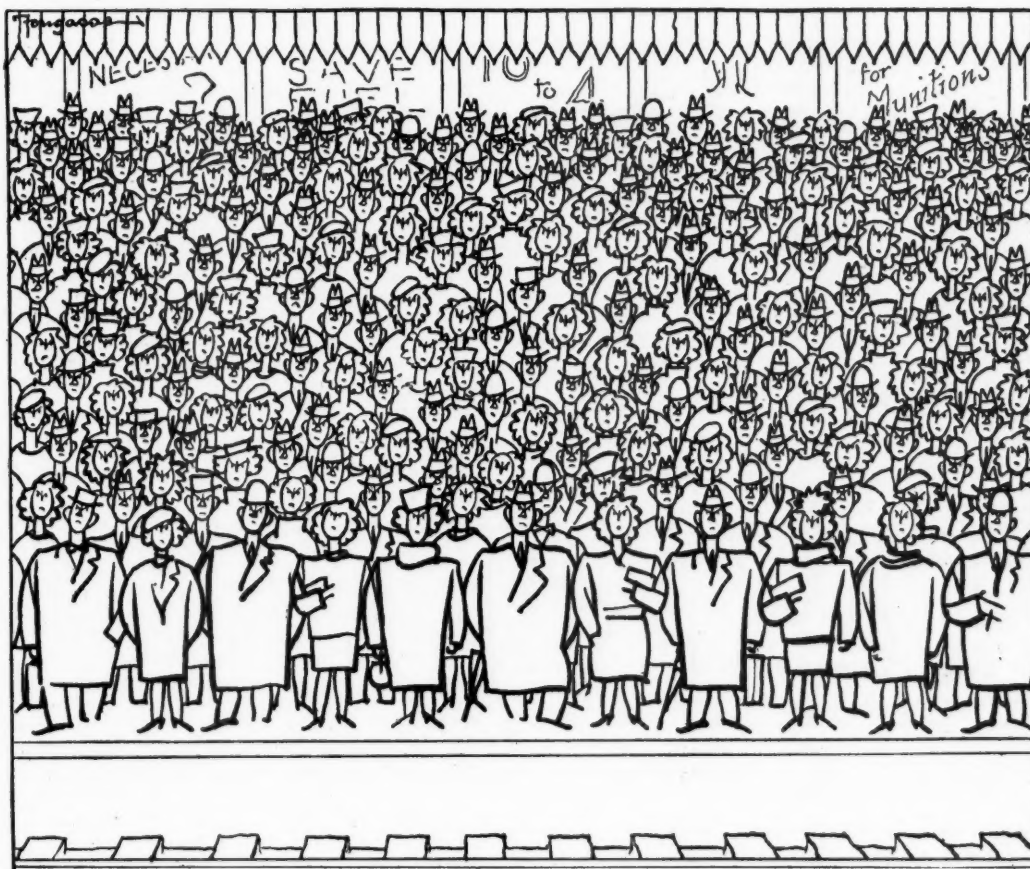
That's a beginning, anyway.



### SALESMANSHIP

Mr. Acuna . . . . . ADOLPHE MENJOU  
Bob Davis . . . . . FRED ASTAIRE

woman with a prior claim on him. *Kitty* out of the way, one can breathe more freely, in the assurance that it is now only a matter of time until *Rainier* recognizes *Paula* in his efficient secretary. Taking up politics, and feeling the need of a brilliant wife to act as hostess and confidential adviser, *Rainier* marries his private secretary, having first made it clear that no sentiment is to enter into their relations. A poignant situation for *Paula*, and at last she tells *Rainier* that she must go away for a long holiday. It is a big shock for him, slowly the past pieces itself together and, preceded by *Paula*, he finds his way back to



ALL. "Now, WHY do all these people travel just when they're asked not to?"

### Ted's Raid

"THEY'm tellin' me yu knocked they old Jerries to rights, Ted."

"Looks so, Uncle Tom."

"Well—bean't 'ee allowed to talk about it then?"

"I can tell yu a bit, Uncle—but us 'as got to be careful, yu knaw."

"Ah—that be all along o' that old Mystery of 'Ome Sickurities, idden' that it, Ted?"

"Summat like that, Auntie. But I can tell yu this—us 'as made a bombin' and machine-gun attack on a kind o' factory place."

"That's gude, Ted. Did yu 'it 'un then?"

"I reckon us did, Uncle. Us flied so low, us couldn't 'elp 'ittin' of it, yu

see . . . and I see'd a proper old bomb o' mine bring a gurt chimbley stack down crashin'."

"Would that be engaged like in malefactors o' war mineral?"

"Looks so. Summat like that, I reckon."

"'Tis all gude then. But wuz they Jerries a-firin' at yu the ol' time, Ted?"

"Gude bit o' the time, Uncle. Us wuz divin' down tu rattle up they batteries and searchlights. But I wuz most troubled by a whole parcel of old wires."

"Wires, Ted?"

"Yes, Auntie—telegraph wires or summat. They wuz all mixed up like and criss-cross, doan't yu see, which-

ever way yu loked. And I tried tu dive down in under, but I cut straight thru' 'em, see?—cut a gurt 'ole in the middle! And I bringed some on 'em 'ome tu! When I landed back at the old base there wuz bits o' wire strung all over one wing."

"I reckon yu wuz durn lucky, Ted."

"Looks so, Uncle."

"But it must ha' bin a bit easier comin' 'ome, Ted—weren't it?"

"No, Auntie—I doan't reckon it were. They fighters wuz after us, yu see."

"Ah—I was thinkin' it 'ud be more cormfrable like tu start back again. Yu could come out thru' the same 'ole in the wire. . . ."





"With the compliments of the gentleman down there.  
Don't know what it is—came out of a little green bottle."

## The Phoney Phleet

VII.—H.M.T. "Day-Dream"

**L**IEUTENANT George E. Bollard was the type  
Who, as a youth, took motor-bikes to pieces,  
Dismembered clocks before their time was ripe,  
Found mental balm in engineering theses.

He saw the Navy as a barren field,  
Tradition-bounded, lacking in invention;  
The Nelson touch was old, effete, congealed,  
And other adjectives I wouldn't mention.

What more particularly got his goat,  
Making his gills both spumous and rubescent,  
Were methods used for hunting the U-boat,  
Tradition-ridden, so he said, at present.

The basic principle of such attacks  
Is hurling depth-charges in all directions;  
From time to time this fails, because it lacks  
Applied control—you cannot make corrections.

So George worked out a highly modern scheme  
Whereby a diver, adequately weighted,  
Was towed below his trawler, the *Day-Dream*,  
To deal with any U-boats she located.

He thought that direct contact in this way  
Must check all possibility of blunder;  
The diver liked it (he gets extra pay,  
According to the depth and time he's under).

Some weeks elapsed before the *Day-Dream* found  
A lurking U-boat on the ocean bottom;  
The diver—willy-nilly towed around  
Until he hit it—signalled up "I've got 'em."

Although the crash had left him somewhat dull  
He pulled his spanner out and bent the rudder,  
Produced a brace-and-bit and holed the hull;  
The Jerries could but wait, and hear, and shudder.

George Bollard might have been our Great White  
Hope,  
The diver (Alfie Tupp) might have been knighted  
Had he not floated on the periscope.  
(Does one say "floated on," or just "alighted"?)

For, peering through the glass, he met the eyes  
Of Hellmuth Schmutz, one of the U-boat aces,  
And, to the German captain's pained surprise,  
He started pulling most insulting faces.

The diver did this in good-humoured sport,  
The Hun thought it offensive to his honour:  
He closed a valve and opened up a port,  
Dragged Tupp inside, and soon he was a goner.

The *Day-Dream* went her wiser, saddened way,  
George Bollard wore the sack-cloth of contrition;  
There's really nothing else that I can say,  
Excepting that there's something in tradition.

## H. J. Talking

**O**NE trouble with fire-irons is that they have seldom been designed with the same care as nut-crackers or tooth-brushes. Either they rest on metal ridges and fall off or they hang from hooks and clang against one another. They are either very light, so that when you pick them up they wave in the air, or, more usually, they are very heavy and badly balanced and never seem to go where you want them to. Shovels are shaped so that coal won't roll on to them at all or else rolls on and immediately off. Tongs are of two kinds: some are shaped like scissors so that when grabbed coal either falls out or shoots out; others consist of two claws on rods joined by a circular spring and in these the difficulty is to bring the ends into any proximity at all. Pokers are too thin to move coal from one place in the fire to another and, not having a flat base, are almost useless for propping up newspapers to make the fire draw. They may be all right for poking, but this serves no really useful purpose, the idea behind it being merely that the fire is so bad as it is that any disturbance, however unsystematic, will cause a change for the better. B. Smith has invented improved fire-sets which consist of very large asbestos washable gloves and a shield to be attached to the face, so that not only can you pick the coal out of the scuttle but you can put it anywhere you want to on the fire and carry out the most elaborate plans safely and accurately.

Some time back I told you about the time when I organized some drama, but this is far from being the only thing I have organized, my talents running that way to a remarkable degree. I was for a short time, for example, organizer of a boys' club and I bear the scars to this day, they having no real harm in them but being heavy in the hand. To start this club I hired a large hall and fitted up a boxing-ring, a billiard-table and a bar. I then put a notice outside which said: "This is a club and boys are welcome to it. I hope it will distract you from the life of crime."



"... then, under cover of darkness, we attacked the Mudiborpe Home Guard ..."

Subscription by arrangement." Here is a typical evening's programme:

- 6.30. Canteen.
- 7.15. Vaulting Horse.
- 7.20. Canteen.
- 8. 0. Quarter Staff.
- 8. 5. Canteen.
- 8.45. Word-making and word-taking.
- 8.50. Canteen.
- 9.30. Unarmed Combat.
- 9.45. Canteen.
- 10.15. Picking up peas with knitting-needles.
- 10.20. Canteen.
- 11. 0. "Rule Britannia." Collection for Local Conservative Association. Canteen till midnight.

One of my chief troubles was organizing something for the vice-presidents to do. There were twenty-six of them and it was not really safe for them to visit the club except in large parties. On the other hand they insisted on some active part being given to them, and finally I excluded the boys from the club one evening a fortnight and had it for vice-presidents alone. Sometimes, however, the boys would smash their way in through the roof and we had to have a system of scouts and alarm-buzzers.

During the course of my connection with this club I gained an insight into the workings of the juvenile mind which has given me a start over those psychologists who confine their studies to apes and the insane. I learnt, for example, that the ruling passion of the young is money. I frequently paid the heating bill by auctioning the post of banker in the savings bank. When lectures on Polar Exploration and the North-West Mounted Police began to pall, I could always arouse enthusiasm by a series on "How to Gamble in Foreign Exchange," or "Great English Swindlers." The very smallest boys were never deceived by a dud half-crown, nor was it possible to "ring the

changes" on them. Many an evening I have stood in the canteen ready to give advice on personal difficulties and been asked questions on nothing but mortgage rates and overdrafts. The fate of a vice-president who incautiously bought an annuity from a lad is still vivid in my mind.

One of my duties was to attend many conferences of those whose line was Youth, and I made quite a stir by claiming that many ingenious and unusual activities were conducted by my members, this being quite safe as no visitor wished to remember the experience or refer to it again. According to me, this club kept bees, published a newspaper and ran a symphony orchestra, a racing stable and a funeral parlour. As a result of my careful publicity I was eventually offered a post as headmaster of a very progressive school, but turned it down when I had to have the appointment confirmed by the children themselves, who asked me questions of an intimate and disturbing character and made me answer on oath.

## A Prayer to the East Wind

COLD, bitingly cold, the wind blows over my shoulder.  
Bitterly bleak the rain drips down where the weeds moulder.  
Cold, stone-cold, is the night that is falling. Would it were colder.

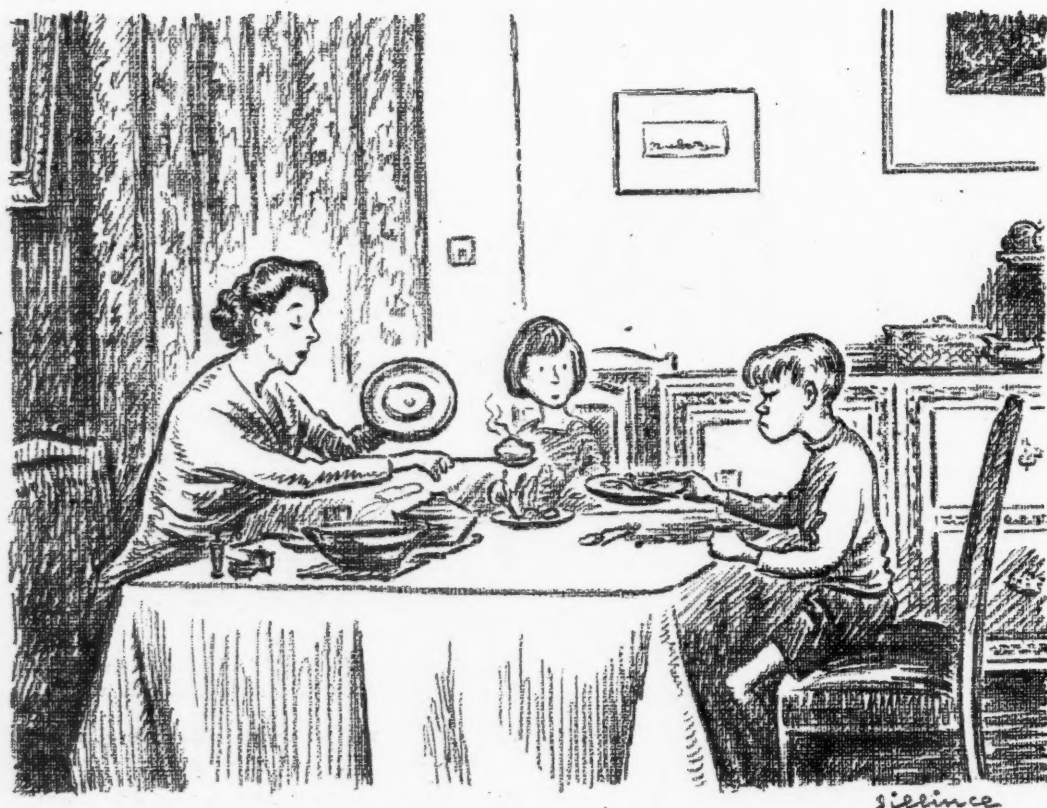
For, oh, if ever the world had need of any weather,  
It needs now snow in the wilds, and a wind lashing the heather,  
And ice that will freeze the Huns and their Fuehrer all together.

His will is bonds for the free, whom winter will deliver.  
So blow over the world, O wind that makes us shiver.  
Blow, wind of the East, and freeze, Volga River.

ANON.



"Do you believe in airmen?"



"How many MORE potatoes must I eat to sink a U-boat?"

### The Size of Tripoli

AN innovation of alarming possibilities has figured prominently in recent B.B.C. bulletins. I refer of course to the soft-soap treatment of statistics in the war news. Somebody at Broadcasting House has decided that we Britons have no heads for figures. We are fobbed off with euphemistic similes whenever size and distance are involved. Now, on occasion, there is real merit in this device. I liked, for example, the statement that the Eighth Army's advance from El Alamein to Tobruk and El Agheila was equivalent to journeys from London to Inverness and the Faroes respectively. That was good. It made us think. But the B.B.C. seldom lets well alone.

My particular grouse concerns a description of Tripoli as "about the same size as South Shields." I was most anxious to assess the importance of our great victory. I wanted to

count the booty and to prepare estimates for a resumption of the offensive. I wanted to know the rateable value of Tripoli—or at least its population. The statement "about the same size as South Shields" was very disappointing.

Though it is an appalling confession to make, I do not know the size of South Shields. No disrespect to its worthy citizens, burgesses or parishioners is intended when I say that all I know of South Shields is that it is opposite to North Shields and, possibly, at right angles to East Shields and West Shields.

In my quandary I first consulted the gazetteer. The only reference to North Africa was a blank outline of its Mediterranean coast forming an uninteresting fringe to a highly-coloured map of Europe. The map in my newspaper did mark Tripoli, but the black dot which indicated its location

was neither larger nor smaller than those marking Leptis Magna, Mersa Brega, Misurata and Wadi Amein.

In the circumstances I was driven to a reconsideration of South Shields. My atlas showed this to be a town (black square) "with 100,000–200,000 inhabitants." I had not yet reached my objective, but I was certainly closing in on it. Next I consulted *North England—An Economic Geography*, but all I could get out of it was that "the names of two of the wards of South Shields, East Pans and West Pans, are significant."

By this time I was getting pretty desperate.

After a day of fruitless foraging I decided on a bold policy. I wrote to the town clerk of South Shields asking him to be good enough to inform me of the size of the town.

The answer came by return: "South Shields is about the same size as Tripoli."





. . . OF THINGS TO COME

[The total eclipse of the sun on February 4th will be visible in North-east Asia, the North of Japan, across the Pacific Ocean in a semi-circle passing near the Aleutian Islands, and in Alaska.]

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, January 26th.**—House of Lords: His Grace Amends a Proverb.

House of Commons: The Forward Look—and, of course, a Secret Session.

**Wednesday, January 27th.**—House of Lords: On Committees.

House of Commons: Little of Note.

**Thursday, January 28th.**—House of Commons: Civil Service is Debated.

**Tuesday, January 26th.**—Perhaps it was just one of those moods. Perhaps it was knowledge of Events (with a capital E) not vouchsafed to lesser mortals. Perhaps it was just human cheerfulness and *joie de vivre*. Perhaps . . . but speculation is unprofitable. The plain fact is that the faithful Commons, this 26th day of January 1943 had a severe attack of optimism.

Almost every speech and question spoke about the events of after-the-war, in the tones which imply that that much-to-be-desired time is already almost with us, or, at worst, just around an extremely adjacent corner.

The very Bill to which most of the time of the sitting was given was concerned with Town and Country Planning, which is, presumably, chiefly a post-war matter. Mr. WILLIAM "SHAKESPEARE" MORRISON, who (when



### MINDING HIS Ps.

"The ambiguity of the word 'planning' was the root of the trouble. Sometimes it was planning with a big 'P' and sometimes with a small 'p'."—Sir William Jowitt.

the Bill to set up his Ministry is passed) is to be Minister of Town and Country Planning, and Mr. HENRY STRAUSS, who, in the same happy event, is to be his Under-Secretary, sat, hand-in-hand

like Parliamentary Babes in the Wood, while their fate was debated.

Of course it was passed, even though Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD (badly cast as the Wicked Uncle—he is far too kindly for such a rôle) emitted blood-curdling noises and demanded to know just *what* the "machinery" set up by the Bill was intended to do—or not do, as the case might be.

The Bill really authorizes the bi-annual change of name of the Office of Works. A special staff of painters is maintained at the Office, ready to change the names on the Department's many vehicles and doorways. Rumour has it that they are demanding increased wages on the ground of pressure of work.

There *was* a time when money excited the House. There *was* a time when an increase in the income tax from 4d. to 5d. in the £ almost caused a political crisis. But nowadays the mention of money merely has the effect of reminding M.P.s that they have to see a constituent about a pension, or of a letter that urgently needs writing.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his best shop-walkerly smile, mentioned (that is the word) that he would rather like two small sums to pay for a few minutes of the war. How much? Well, now, let me see! Ah, yes! Let's say £1,000,000,000.

"Certainly," said the ninety-eight Members then present, in one bored voice.

"And," said Sir KINGSLEY softly, "another £900,000,000?"

"Certainly," said the eighty-six Members present, yawning.

The war is now costing us fourteen million pounds a day, the Chancellor explained, by way of justification—but the House merely said avuncularly: "Tush, my dear boy, not at all! A young fellow must live—and we've all been young. Forget it, my dear boy, forget it."

And Sir KINGSLEY, transformed suddenly into a joyous undergrad., skipped off, humming: "Every time it rains, it rains pennies from heaven!"

As his contribution to the optimism Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD spoke of some event that would happen "if the war finishes to-morrow." Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY wanted some Government organization disbanded "at the termination of hostilities," but Mr. HUGH DALTON, who is a Minister (and may therefore be presumed to possess that elusive thing beloved of the Diplomatic Correspondent, "informed optimism"), went several better by announcing

that we already had a special committee working on plans to rehabilitate our overseas trade—*après la guerre*.

When Mr. BILL ASTOR suggested that a sub-committee of the Select Committee on National Expenditure should go to the Middle East to see that



### FORTUNATUS WOOD

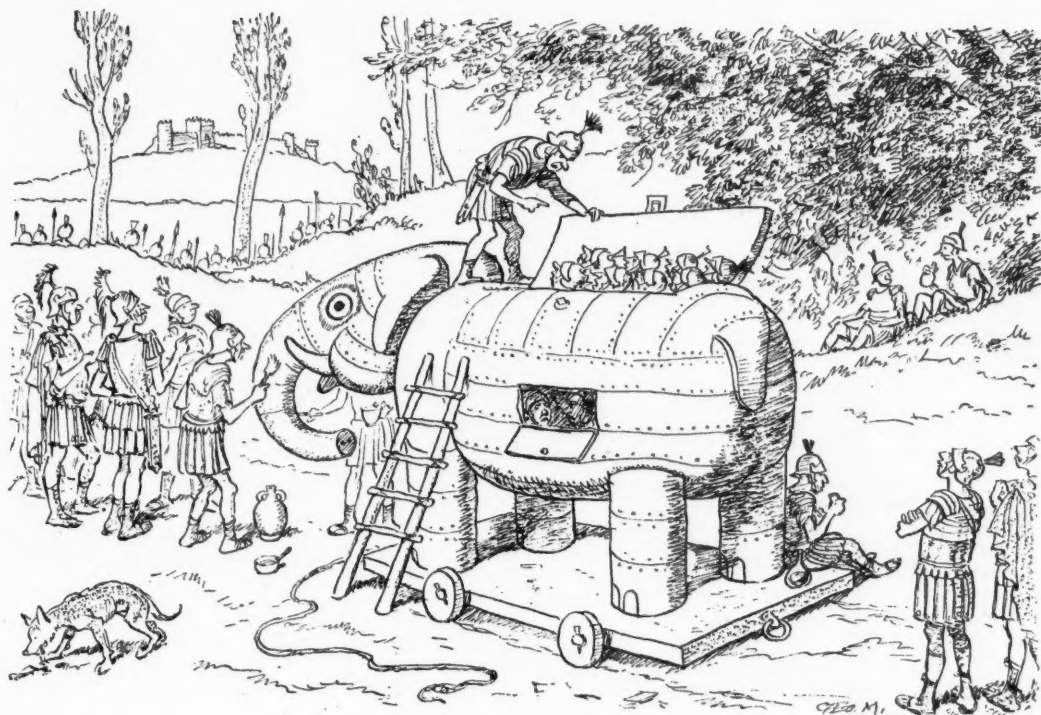
The Possessor of the Inexhaustible Purse

public money was not wasted there, Sir KINGSLEY WOOD hastily consulted a mental atlas to see whether Jericho lay in that area and, being reassured, assented.

Their Lordships' debate, on the inadequacy of the equipment of the Women's Land Army, was chiefly notable for an amended proverb from the Duke of NORFOLK, of the Ministry of Agriculture.

Defending his Ministry against the charge that the land girls had no rubber boots, he explained (in effect) that one could not make rubber boots out of a sow's ear. Lord WOOLTON seemed about to suggest that the manufacture might be possible from the omnipresent, all-sufficing, lime-lighted, footlighted potato, but thought better of it.

**Wednesday, January 27th.**—Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, the Air Minister, explained to a somewhat restive House what had happened to the siren and balloon barrage systems the previous week, when low-flying German planes had bombed a school in a London suburb, killing thirty-nine small children. This gallant act, said Major MONTAGUE LYONS, Mr. ARTHUR DUCKWORTH, Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, Mr. WALTER GREEN and Mr. C. G. AMMON,



"It's quite all right, boys! I promise you they've never heard about the Siege of Troy."

was made possible by the absence of the balloon barrage.

It did so happen that the barrage was "close-hauled" that day in connection with some maintenance work on the air defences, Sir ARCHIBALD said, but that was "fortuitous." The Minister spoke for a quarter of the precious Question-hour, but added little to the sum of human knowledge, except the pleasing tidings that, of sixty German bombers sent over, ten had been destroyed for certain, three probably destroyed, and four damaged. Another four fighters had also been destroyed.

Mr. W. S. MORRISON, Postmaster-General as is, and Minister of Town and Country Planning to be, dealt with so many questions on telephones that he was given the honorary title of Minister of Town and Country Phoning.

Mr. GEORGE HALL, of the Admiralty, announced that boys in the Navy are to get a trifling addition to their trifling pay. This annoyed the House—not the increase, but the size of it. Then Mr. HALL announced that some junior officers in the Fleet Air Arm were actually to have pay *cuts* so as to even things up with their opposite numbers in other Services. This

angered the House some more, and that ever-watchful Ancient Mariner, Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, acidly inquired whether the Sub-Lieutenant Peter had been robbed to pay Boy Paul.

From the cheer this got it looks as if a couple of injustices are on the way to being put right.

When Mr. ERNEST BROWN, Health Minister, was discussing the national disgrace of damaged and robbed air-raid shelters, Sir WILLIAM DAVIDSON made the curious remark that in the Royal Borough of Kensington the authorities "offered £5 reward for anyone who damages an air-raid shelter."

Mr. BROWN's trouble comes from those who do it for the sheer artistry of the thing, without thought of such pecuniary gain.

Lord BEAVERBROOK, making one of his rare appearances in the Lords, complained of the "Committee System" in conducting the war. "A Minister or someone would decide to build an airplane. He would think it a great idea—and then his troubles would begin. He would go to a committee, then another, then another, then an...

Noble Lords roared at this new

version of the endless story of the locusts, but Lord BEAVERBROOK (who should know) assured them that it was true. Anyway, war was not won by committees, said he, in effect, but by the sturdy individualism of the Little Man.

Lord CHERWELL (*né*—so to say—Professor LINDEMANN), replying for the Government, seemed oppressed by the fact that it was nominally for the Silent Service that he spoke—the debate was on the Fleet Air Arm. He himself was so silent that the whole House rose and crowded around him—and then gave up the attempt to hear the unheard.

Lord BEAVERBROOK seemed able to hear something, for he engaged in a sort of one-way altercation with Lord CHERWELL, which seemed to give neither any particular satisfaction. It certainly gave none to your wondering and afflicted scribe.

*Thursday, January 28th.*—The House of Commons discussed the Civil Service, its past, present and future, and Lord BEAVERBROOK gained some surprising recruits for his Campaign against Committees—one of them being Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer.





"Rescue-boats is wot they calls 'em, lady!"

## Little Talks

**W**HAT shall we do with Tripoli after the war?

Goodness! Why worry?

I thought it was the done thing to worry about after-the-war.

Not about after-the-Wops.

Why not? Won't there be any post-war Wops? Aren't they going to have a Rapporto Beveriggio? And what about the old Atlantic Charter you used to be so keen on?

What about it?

Do you remember what it said?

Not exactly. Of course the general principles are clear enough.

Are they?

Well. Well, yes—"No bullying—no bagging"—and so forth.

Right. The United Nations began by declaring that they "seek no aggrandizement, territorial or other." And later they said that there must be "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely-expressed wishes of the people concerned."

Well, that's all right. You don't want to annex Italy, do you—or run Rome?

No. But what about Tripoli?

The same thing. It's an Italian place—

In point of fact, it was a Phoenician place. Then it was a Carthaginian place. Then it was a Roman place. Then it was an Arab place. Then it was a Turkish place. And now it's a British place.

But it was built up by the Wops. It's their show. And a jolly good show, too, I gather.

So-so, I believe. But they lost the whole country, except Tripoli and Homs, when the last war began. And it's only about fifteen years since they really got the place straight—1928.

Where do you get all this information? From the Encyclopædia Britannica. And what's the point of it—besides doing a Brains Trust?

Well, what I said. What shall we do with Tripoli—and Tripolitania—after the war?

What I said—stand by our principles. Which principles?

The Atlantic Charter principles.

But, you see, we started this war with some rather different principles.

We started this war to punish and prevent bad deeds by aggressive bullies, of whom the Wops were really the first—

Oh, no!

You may recall the episode of Abyssinia. The Wops could not have done that if they had not had Tripoli.

Yes, but Abyssinia's free now.

Yes, but the Wops have announced their intention of returning.

Oh, well, they have to bluster a bit, of course. We should. Anyhow, I don't see how you can take everything away from them. You can't stop the expansion of a great nation.

We've just done it. And doesn't it rather depend on the method of expansion?

How d'you mean?

I'm not thinking of Abyssinia only. There were some rather unsavoury stories about the taming of Tripolitania. General Bolo, or somebody. Didn't he drop tiresome Arabs out of aeroplanes, and wipe out half the local population?

So it was said.

Well?

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*We've done much the same thing.*

No, we haven't. Not to my knowledge, at least.

*Well, don't let's be smug.*

I should be sorry if I didn't believe that the British colonial record was away up above the Wops'; and if that's smug, I'm smug—and like it.

*So what?*

Well, assume if you like—I don't admit it—that we've been as bad in the past. It doesn't matter, because we certainly don't do such things now. The Wops do. And the point is—if we have the power, ought we to prevent them from being done again?

*Obviously.*

Well, then, do you still think we ought simply to hand back Tripolitania to the Wops? You know what will happen. Five years after the war we shall be completely disarmed and pacifist as usual. America, very likely, will have shaken off the dust of Europe again; and there won't be a soul who can stop the Wops from walking into Abyssinia again.

*Yes, but I didn't say I simply wanted to hand the place back to the Wops. That wouldn't be Atlantic Charter. There would have to be a plébiscite, of course.*

A plébiscite? Right. But don't the Arabs—and the Jews—even after Bolo's efforts) greatly outnumber the Wops? And will a majority of them vote for Wop Rule?

*All right, then. We'll hand the place over to the Arabs.*

Shall we? But, you know, the Arab record as rulers in that part is not too hot either. The Wops (except for such episodes as those before-mentioned) have done rather better.

*Well, what in the world do you want? Nothing seems to please you.*

I don't quite know. That's why I asked my original question. One thing I am sure about; and that is that until they've had a lot more chastening and civilizing the Wops ought not to be allowed into Africa again—not, that is, on top.

*But you don't think the Arabs—*

No. And poor old Great Britain, of course, mustn't take charge, because that would be "aggrandizement," and against the Atlantic Charter.

*You might attach the place to Tunisia—under the French.*

How the Wops would love that! And if the place had already voted for the Wops—or the Arabs—that, too, would be against the Atlantic Charter.

*Well, you might have some sort of international thingummy.*

It seldom works very well, does it? Especially if there's been a lot of bickering before.

*You might make it another Jewish settlement, and let America run it.*

Not a bad notion. But still against the Atlantic Charter.

*Why?*

"No territorial changes that do not accord with the freely-expressed wishes of the people concerned." Shift a single Arab, and you're out of order.

*You're being very difficult.*

Not at all. I'm groping, like you. But I hope you understand now why many people were not very keen on a formal declaration of war-aims—whether detailed or general—beyond the aims that were stated *ad nauseam* when the war began.

*It's certainly a ticklish job.*

It's an impossible job. You can't devise a formula, however general, that you can trust not to lead you into a bog when you get to particular cases. Look at Tripoli. Why gratuitously saddle yourselves with a bog-finder?

*Oh, come, you forget the good it does!*

Where? At home the only people interested in the Charter merely complain that it isn't clear enough, and means nothing. Abroad, as far as I can see, nobody gives it the smallest attention—yet. Not a single enemy or occupied country has torn down the tyrants because of it. And not one neutral has come off the fence because of it. Or have they?

*I suppose not.*

But there it is, tied to our tails—and ready to rattle the first time we move

a finger after the war. In fact it's worse than that.

*Oh, dear.*

Yes. It's going to be a positive hindrance during the war. Take Tripoli. Tripoli is the Top Wop-Spot outside Italy. They don't care a hoot, I gather, for Djibuti; they didn't care very many hoots about Abyssinia. But Tripoli they were proud of—Tripoli will upset them.

*It has.*

Well, if we forget our old principles for a moment, we might now say to them: Look here, little Wops, Great Britain is in Tripoli now and we don't think it likely that anyone will turn her out—

*Cross your fingers.*

I have. "Now, little Wops, we don't want to keep your sickening little colony, but it would suit us very nicely to have a port just there. It's up to you. If in the next six weeks you don't rise against Musso and the Fascists and the Nasties, we shall keep Tripoli (by way of mandate, of course). If you do, you shall have it back."

*But you couldn't do that!*

I know. Because of your confounded Atlantic Charter!

*No, because it would be quite unprincipled.*

How right you are! A. P. H.

#### Another Impending Apology

"In September, 1940, Mr. F. — was appointed borough electrical engineer, and it was decided to make a 15% increase in charges to meet the loss the undertaking was making."—*The Electrical Times.*



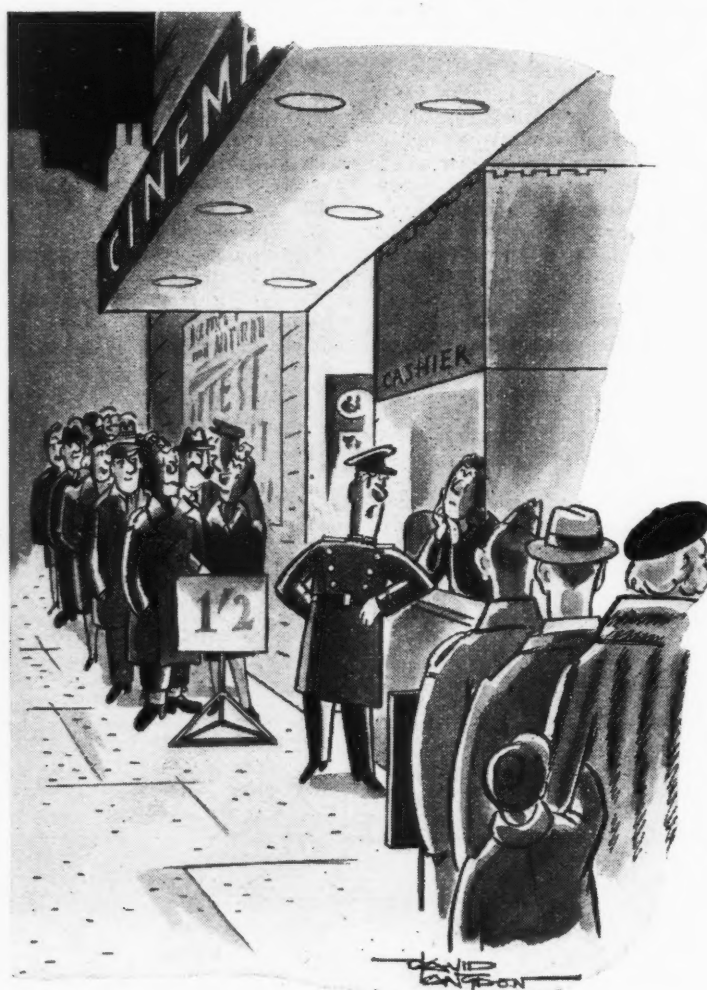
*"That's the modern method, dear—making the Tanks follow the Infantry."*

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

## Hospitality

"YES, she is here for her convalescence. I said to her: 'My dear, you'll never get well again in a London flat, much better come to us and have absolute peace and quiet in the country. I'll manage somehow,' I said. I've put her in the small room on the landing, because there isn't so much dusting to do there as in the rooms with more furniture, and even the daily woman doesn't come any more now. And as I said to her, *Don't* worry about making extra work for me, because we've cut everything

down to a minimum. No one has any cooked breakfast, we just manage with the bread, and we've given up toasting it so as to economize fuel. And we don't have coffee, as we're so short of milk, only just tea. And as for carrying her breakfast up to her room, nothing could be easier. I just pop it all on to the tray and take it as far as the landing while I dash into my room and make the bed and open the black-out, and then the next person who goes up or downstairs picks up the tray and takes it in to her.



"Damn strange thing, this mass psychology. To-night the one-and-tuppennies are behaving themselves, and the one-and-fourpennies are getting restive."

Then, as soon as I get a minute, I fly in and open the black-out for her, and snatch up the tray and take it as far as the landing again. The book-case is so convenient, one just dumps everything there and hopes that the dogs won't get at it.

One thing I'm very firm about is not letting her get up in the mornings. As I said, she can help me quite a lot by letting the children play about in there while I am rushing round the house like mad. Not that the children don't help. They clean her shoes, sitting on the bed, and sometimes they wash up the breakfast things in the basin. I always think running water in a bedroom is a help, though we can't manage any hot nowadays, except once a week. But I'm always flying in with a kettle to fill her hot-water-bottle. That's really how she got that scald on her leg, but it was partly her own fault. Still, that's neither here nor there.

She doesn't get up till I've actually laid the fire downstairs. We don't light it till the evening, but I always think it's rather cheering just to see it waiting there, all ready. Lunch is a picnic, of course, because it's so much simpler always to have it cold, and really there's so little to cook that I usually just cut sandwiches, though we sometimes get fish. I shall never forget when the fishmonger just sent congeel. I hadn't the least idea how to cook it, either, but we managed somehow.

Then in the afternoon I'm usually terrifically busy—just running about here and there, you know—but I always make a point of looking in on her from time to time to make sure she's resting. I do feel that's so important for a convalescent. But we don't want her to mope, of course, so as soon as we've snatched our tea and washed up the tea-things and done the black-out, I turn on the wireless. Very often we talk through it, if it isn't a programme we care about, or sometimes the children have a romp with the dogs. Then I have to dash off and see about supper, but I leave the kitchen-door open so that I can call out to her and keep her amused.

There's no reason why she shouldn't go to bed early, because we've quite given up hot baths, though I fly about with jugs of hot water, and there's a general scramble for the bath-room, which the children love. You should hear them shriek!

And before I go to bed—which I make a point of doing before midnight if I possibly can—I run in and have a talk with her. . . . Well, no, funnily enough she doesn't seem to get on very fast. But country quiet is bound to tell in the end." E. M. D.



## At the Play

## "KING LEAR" (ST. JAMES'S)

WHAT a busy morning that is at *King Lear's* Court in the first scene of SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy! The business of this busy day begins with the aged king calmly if unreasonably dividing up his country and giving it to his two elder daughters who obviously do not care tuppence about the doddering old gentleman even at the outset. (Will some day some producer try making *Goneril* and *Regan* look like something other than a pair of glaring beldames, just to see what happens to the play? The daughters are bad all through, but need they be quite so recognizably bad on the surface?)

This done, the third daughter *Cordelia* is sent packing for refusing to pay her father compliments in full Court, and the one man who is obviously the most faithful courtier in that audience-chamber, the *Earl of Kent*, is formally banished and told almost in so many words that the next time his face is seen there his head will be chopped off. His offence? Only that he stood up like a stout fellow and defended *Cordelia's* refusal to parade her filial affection in front of everybody. It is true that he is a shade too blunt and familiar for a royal audience-chamber. "What wilt thou do, old man?" is no way to talk to one's sovereign, and here and elsewhere perhaps the stout fellow, like his kind, was more honest than tactful.

*Kent* has hardly left the presence to "shape his old course in a country new" when two distinguished visitors—the *King of France* and the *Duke of Burgundy*, no less—come in to say good morning and to find out whether there is any prospect of *Cordelia* deciding which one of the two she most favours as a husband. Frenchmen both, they naturally raise the question of *dot*. On hearing that the disgraced *Cordelia* is to be portionless, *Burgundy* backs out with no very impressive show of gallantry, and the king takes *Cordelia's* hand and heart with what to-day we should call a "nasty crack" about "not all the dukes in waterish

*Burgundy*" being able to buy such a treasure for lucre. At this point we almost always observe *Goneril* and *Regan* giving each other what the author of *The Young Visitors* would call "a sneery look." They obviously do not relish their young sister being Queen of France when they have had to content themselves with being Duchesses of Albany and Cornwall respectively. But *Cordelia* is by no means to be blamed, even though her natural preference for being a Queen in France rather than a Cinderella in England removes her from the three

and secret gloatings aforesaid. *Regan* and *Goneril*, like their Italianate counterpart *Iago*, are always over-melodramatized.

But the first point of a new production of *King Lear* is its *King Lear*, and not the recipients of that very "difficult" old gentleman's favours and curses. We must opine that we find Mr. WOLFIT's first three acts, despite commandingly venerable white hair and beard and eyebrows, a shade too grey in delivery. We must also opine that three acts without an interval make too unrelieved a stretch of tragedy. The lop-sidedness of this arrangement is emphasized by Mr. WOLFIT's cutting the greater part of Act IV entirely, presumably (a) for the good actor-managerial reason that *King Lear* does not appear in it, and (b) because a distinguished critic has just pointed out that SHAKESPEARE was at fault in keeping *Lear* too long out of sight and out of mind at this point, and in allowing us to become much too interested in that other foolishly fond old father, *Gloucester*. The real truth of the matter is probably that the original *Lear* (presumably *BURBAGE*) protested that he must have a long rest in the middle if he was to see the tremendous thing through. Mr. WOLFIT characteristically denies himself this rest, and if the darkling intrigue between *Edmund* and those fiendish sisters (what a pair to choose between!) is consequently truncated and confused, there are probably few playgoers who care about that murky business passionately enough to complain.

With the oncoming of his madness, Mr. WOLFIT's *Lear* suddenly takes on a remarkable amount of subtlety, variety and interest. In the Hovel Scene with *Edgar* and the *Fool*, he has not only become a good *Lear* but the best and maddest *Lear* we have ever set eyes on. He sustains this and the succeeding scenes with a dry-voiced misery which are all the more startlingly effective because of his comparative lack of fire and force in conducting that busy morning's work and in the few sane days of disillusionment that come between it and the storm and darkness.

A. D.



DEEP DEPRESSION ON CLIFF OF DOVER

*Lear* . . . . . MR. DONALD WOLFIT  
*Earl of Gloucester* . . . . . MR. ERIC MAXON

middle acts of the play and makes her part a mere sketch in water-colour and one therefore which it is no actress's predominant ambition to play.

Justifiably feeling that he has done quite a morning's work, *King Lear* withdraws at this point and the astonishingly packed scene closes with *Cordelia* saying farewell to her sisters (*Regan's* "Prescribe not us our duties" is perfect Tudor English for "You mind your own business!") and those two elder sisters revealing their base natures in a grim little colloquy about future ways and means of household management. It is an ending, by the way, which always loses its effectiveness because of all those sneers and glares



"Then I take it, gentlemen, it is your unanimous vote that the Saturday fire-watching is undertaken by myself."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Mr. Christopher Dawson

In *The Judgment of the Nations* (SHEED AND WARD, 8/6) MR. CHRISTOPHER DAWSON examines the present war from the standpoint of a Catholic philosopher. A hundred years ago Europe, warmed by the after-glow of the French Revolution and excited by mechanical discoveries, believed in the boundless possibilities of material progress and political freedom. It was the age, in Tennyson's words, of an absolute faith

*"in the march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts  
that shake mankind."*

But whereas the French Revolution moved forward on an immense wave of idealism and hope in the future, the Fascist-Nazi revolution has issued out of disintegration and despair, deriving its strength from a passionate desire to destroy the ideals on which the nineteenth century had set its heart. What we are facing to-day, MR. DAWSON writes, is not the breakdown of Christian culture, but of the secular culture which gradually ousted Christianity between the Reformation and the French Revolution; "for the failure of our civilization to satisfy man's deepest needs has created a spiritual vacuum, a heart of darkness and chaos beneath the mechanical order and the scientific intelligence of the modern world. . . . Our civilization has been turned backwards and upside-down, with its face towards darkness and nonentity."

In the second half of his book MR. DAWSON passes from this profound diagnosis of our present situation to consider how a Christian order can be restored. Being an institutionalist he is not attracted by religious individualism which, he says, conceives "salvation as a happy after-life to be attained by pious individuals." In his view the Christian idea of salvation "is essentially social. It has its roots in the Old Testament, in the conception of the People of God, and the prophetic teaching of the spiritual restoration of Israel." Yet it is just this conception of a chosen people, of a specially favoured race or class or community, which has been the driving force of all the modern revolutions condemned in greater or less degree by MR. DAWSON—French, Russian, Italian and German alike. It was natural that the Jews of the Old Testament, for ever harried by stronger neighbours, should exalt their oppressed community and take refuge in a collective emotion; but it was against this obsession that Christ preached a kingdom of heaven which existed in the soul of the individual, not in the more or less distant glorification of Israel. If there should ever be an effective Christian order in this world it is likely to have its roots not in the Old Testament but in the New, in individuals not in institutions. H. K.

#### Poet's Pasture

It is hard for a poet to discern and decide how much his message is for himself and how much for communication. MR. E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN, holding the sound theory that poetry comes rather through you than from you, has misgivings of confidence and reserve that affect both the manner and matter of his more ambitious poems. For delightful performance, *In Time of War* (RICHARDS PRESS, 2/6) produces a "Song"—"I know not how it is, but love has found me"—which ought to have been set by Dowland; and verses on "Willow-Herb" blowing among blitzed houses whose visual cunning and dextrous internal rhymes remind one of Dorset Barnes. But though this slender book's outstanding successes lie among its more modest numbers, there is, perhaps, greater promise in the rest. Others have soared in mind with the "slate-spruce flying boys," but not with a more generous exaltation. Others have known imminent death interpret life for them, but not more gratefully. And there is a welcome outcrop of satire which not only adds to the stature of the poet but to the efficacy of his mission in a pathetic and preposterous world. H. P. E.

#### The Declarer of Independence

Thomas Jefferson, third American President, could "calculate an eclipse, survey an estate, tie an artery, plan an edifice, try a cause, break a horse, dance a minuet and play the violin." The drafting of a declaration of independence—of The Declaration of Independence—came easily to such versatile genius, and indeed the perfect handling of the written word was the finest of his abilities. Destiny rather than natural inclination threw him into politics, for almost the only thing he could not do well was to make a speech. MR. S. K. PADOVER, in a biography—*Jefferson* (CAPE, 21/-)—produced in a style of pre-war luxury, lags behind other recent western historians in his appreciation of the British outlook which was in Jefferson's time, as always, far more fundamentally in sympathy with America than Americans realized, but this is a small if regrettable defect in a notable piece of work. There has never been a nobler presentation than this of the philosopher who protected the Press in its "right of lying and calumniating" even when this form of freedom was turned without stint against himself, of the aristocrat who would spread wide

the basis of power and educate people to use it at whatever immediate cost to his party, of the democrat who so matched acts to words that he finally retired impoverished after a lifetime of employment in the highest public offices. His most visibly enduring action was the "Louisiana purchase" which by agreement with Napoleon doubled the area of the United States at a cost of about a penny an acre, but his final place in world history is that of conqueror in a fight against something perilously like an attempt at permanent Fascist domination. C. C. P.

### Within the Law

"I will have the poor people to be as rich as we are, and they ought by rights to be as happy as we are. You must pray to God whenever you can but you cannot be good with only praying but you must try very hard to be good." These words were written in "Laws for me when I grow old," by R. S. S. Powell just after his eighth birthday. So surely was that child father to the man that after his eightieth birthday he wrote, in messages to the children he loved—"I have had a most happy life and I want each one of you to have as happy a life too. You will find that heaven is not the kind of happiness somewhere up in the skies after you are dead but right here and now in this world." Both quotations come from *Baden Powell* (OXFORD PRESS, 12/6), in which Mr. E. E. REYNOLDS gives us the official biography of a very great man, who trained boys to win the last war and is still helping to win this. Yet, though he was a first-class soldier, he disliked the red tape and drill-mongers of militarism. Alertness, healthiness, common sense, disciplined comradeship and, above all, readiness for responsibility were the virtues he tried to induce. Many will be grateful to his biographer for quoting Sir Alexander Godley's own words about the Mafeking Stamp (with B. P.'s head on it) which, so said detractors, was issued for self-glorification—"My recollection is that Cecil and the Postmaster arranged to have this done, entirely as a stunt and as a surprise to B. P., certainly without consulting him . . . the stamps were to be used only in the town." One longs to quote more from this book, which should be in the hands of all commanding officers and schoolmasters as well as Scouters. The illustrations are by B. P. himself. Most interesting of all is the butterfly map which he drew in Dalmatia when he was disguised as a bug-hunter and indicated batteries, etc., by markings on the wings of the insect he drew. The author has done his work as well as his subject lived his life—and what a full life it was! B. E. B.

### The World of a Journalist

As a Canadian of Dutch extraction who fought for France in the last war and made France his headquarters until this war had got well under way, Mr. PIERRE VAN PAASSEN has enjoyed unique opportunities for observing the Augean chaos that is Europe. That he has not, perhaps, made the most helpful use of them, is due to an over-mastering conviction that Reds can do no wrong and Whites no right—a conviction unmitigated by individually pleasant encounters with members of the opposite camp. This is unfortunate, because the first and best part of *That Day Alone* (JOSEPH, 12/6) attributes the unbalanced wretchedness of modern man to his lack of contact with Nature and God; and as neither has exactly featured as a party plank of the *Front Populaire*, their apologist (one feels) might have put in several useful chapters getting them better known and appreciated. He prefers, however, to unmask political opponents—which is always heavy going for readers unaffiliated to either sect. A vivid account

of the last lap of his French life, an interlude on his Dutch youth and propagandist sketches of life in the East and elsewhere, are followed by a sheaf of interviews which include two interesting vignettes of the last days of Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson. H. P. E.

### A Modern Romantic

Mr. HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET has written what is nearly a very good novel, *Between the Tides* (HEFFER, 8/6). Well known as a critic and essayist, he seems to be a dual personality as a writer of fiction. One of him is a keen observer of the human scene, with a precise feeling for character and a humorous ease of dialogue and description; the other is a romantic, fitted by sensitiveness and quality to follow the spirit into the depths and heights, but lacking that restraint without which the division between poetry and bathos quickly becomes blurred. Mr. Charles Morgan would have it that humour is but an impediment to the exploration of the soul; the second Mr. FAUSSET seems to me a very good example of the fallacy of this theory, for if his sense of proportion had been as acute as that of the first Mr. FAUSSET he would not have over-written a love-story which in itself is moving and delightful. It is about *Martin* and *Isabel*—*Martin* a hermit and philosopher emerging from five years' solitude following on the wreck of his marriage, *Isabel* a charming and ageless child in gentle revolt against the diabolic Calvinism of her father and the muscular affection of her motor-salesman fiancé. Up-stage is the narrow life of a seaside village, seen with wit and malice; down-stage is the hut where among the clobber of cooking and sailing *Martin* finds himself again and *Isabel* at last breaks free. An irritating and yet a remarkable book. E. O. D. K.



"All right—now, while we're hanging about—everyone on someone else's back—quick!"



## Music While You Work

I NEVER knew that factory work did so much for your musical education.

When I say "factory work," I should explain that I am not on a bench. We girls in the Pay Department are quite a different lot, and of course superior in grade, for we get 1s. an hour flat rate instead of 11d. But no bonuses, mark you. We feel rather badly about this. We may not be photographed in dinky dungarees, drinking cocoa and grinning from ear to ear, but after all the bench-workers wouldn't work for long without pay, would they? And how would they get paid if it weren't for the Pay Office? But do we grumble? No (at least not much). And do we sing? Definitely yes.

But first, before we strike up, I must introduce you to the girls in our room. They are Ivy, Winnie, Betty, Ruby, Sheila and Kay. These are known as Ive, Win, Bet, Rube and Shee. If we could do anything with Kay's name no doubt we would. In addition to this there are a couple of young girls, just left school, who sit and read *The Body in the Bath* and *Christabel's Courtship*, and sometimes do a little filing. They don't sing so much as the others so as to have more time for reading.

You will note the title of this article. And it doesn't mean "music in the lunch hour," or "music at odd times when work is slack" either. It means literally "while you work." For

instance, suppose Rube wanted to know if Bench-Worker No. 6104 had been paid overtime for staying late the previous week, it would be done thus:

Rube. "Make all my dreams realitee"  
—Ive, was 6104 paid to clockings last week?

Ive. He's paid to clockings but he must have his card signed—"that I may hold you in my arms to-night."

You get the idea? It's very simple, like all conventions, once you grasp it. At first, I must admit, I found it just a little difficult to tot up the hours worked, to say nothing of the overtimes, which are worked out in duo-decimals (as if life wasn't hard enough in war-time already) to the perpetual accompaniment of sleigh-bells in the snow or spurs jingle-jangling. Now I can add, praise the Lord and pass the ammunition at the same time with the best.

You mustn't think that we only give tongue to dance-tunes either. We are very strong on the Warsaw Concerto and on the Tchaikovsky B Flat Minor piano concerto, which seems mysteriously to have developed words since my young days. But perhaps our *pièce de résistance* is the famous aria from *Madam Butterfly*, which is passionately rendered by the whole room, according of course to the usual method, viz.:

Kay. "One fine day we'll notice a thread of smoke arising"—Win, wasn't 8325 on night-work last week?

Win. No, she went sick, don't you remember?—"... on the sea, on the far horizon, and then the ship appearing."

Bet. She never! That was her sister went sick, not her—"Then the trim white ve-e-ssel..."

Win. Don't be daft, Bet. Why, I saw her sister Saturday night at the pictures. So did Ive, didn't you, Ive?—"glides into the harbour... thunders forth her ca-a-nnon..."

Ive. "See, see now he is coming"—I saw who?

Shee. Win says you saw 8325's sister at the pictures Saturday night. "I do not go to meet him—not I."

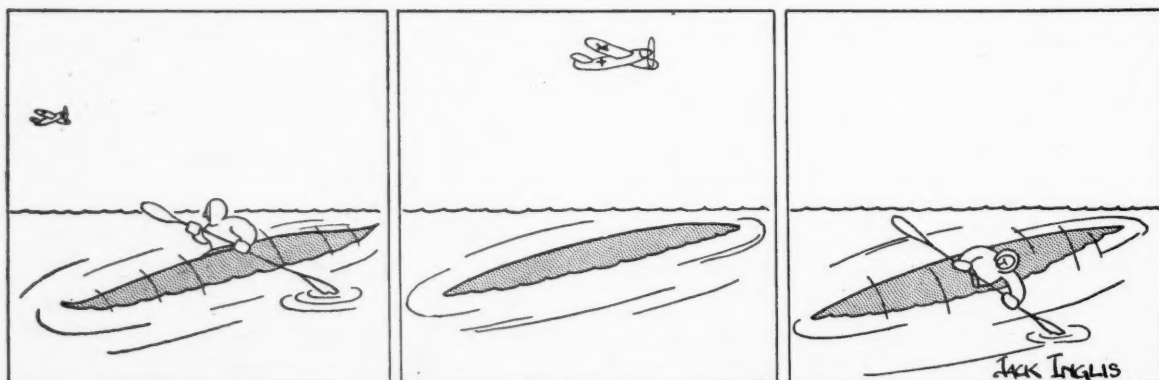
Ive. That's right. And she said her sister had been ever so seedy all last week—"I stay upon the brow of the hillock..."

Rube. Well, did you ever hear such a story? Why, my sister said she saw her sister clocking out last Thursday—"... and wait there—and wait for a long time..."

Shee. "But never weary of the lo-ong waiting." Your sister said she saw what, Rube?

Rube. I said my sister said she saw her sister clocking out last Thursday, that's what my sister said she saw—"From out the crowded city there is coming... a man—"

But more often than Pinkerton it is the boss coming into the room. We bury our noses in our work and music ceases till he goes out again—sometimes five whole minutes. M. D.



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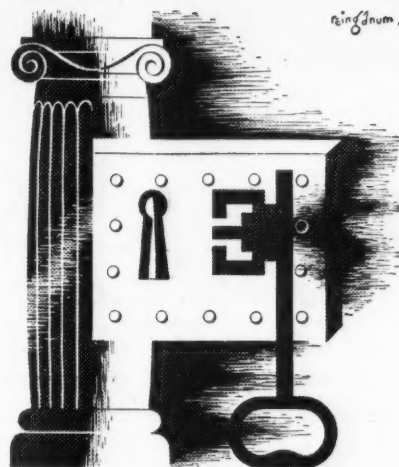
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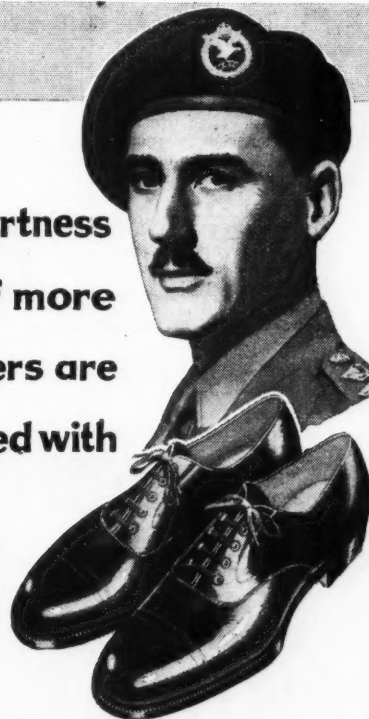
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is produced at the Vine Products winery in Surrey but owing to the unavoidable wartime restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 6/3.

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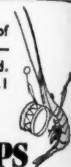


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*Morecambe* **SHRIMPS**

**Are you  
a leg-  
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You have to be bursting with energy to tackle this one. But of course you are... if you've been eating Turog brown bread regularly... the bread that makes you feel fine!



**Turog**  
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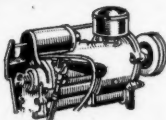
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— Squadron.

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